John Hall

Memorial

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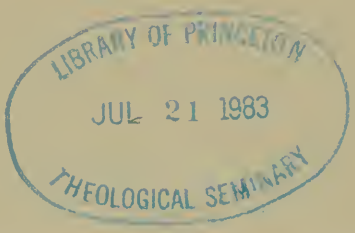

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Memorial, Rev. John Hall

REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

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REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

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Memorial.

Rev. John Hall, D.D.

Born August 11, 1806.
Died May 10, 1894.

Rev. John Hall, D.D.

The Rev. John Hall, D.D., died at his residence, 224 West State street, Trenton, N. J., on the morning of Thursday, May 10th, 1894. His funeral took place on Saturday, May 12th. At the house a short service was conducted at 10:30 A. M. by the Rev. John Dixon, D.D., after which the remains were taken to the First Presbyterian Church, where the funeral service was held. The church was appropriately draped in mourning. The body as it was carried into the church was preceded by the Rev. John Dixon, D.D., the Rev. Frank B. Everitt, the Rev. S. M. Studdiford, D.D., the Rev. Walter A. Brooks, D.D., the Rev. A. Gosman, D.D., and the elders, deacons and trustees of the church, viz.: William J. Owens, John D. Cochrane, Dr. Wm. Elmer, Robert P. Stoll, Barker Gummere, Hugh H. Hamill, Charles E. Green, Judge Edward T. Green, Henry D. Oliphant, Lewis C. Wooley, Enoch G. Hendrickson, Joseph T. Ridgway, James Hughes,

William S. Covert, Barton B. Hutchinson, Edward Grant Cook, William L. Dayton, Abner R. Chambers, General William S. Stryker, Frank O. Briggs, and also Thomas S. Chambers, Lewis W. Scott, Elmer Ewing Green.

The service was begun by the choir singing—

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"

The following selections from the Scriptures were prepared and read by the Rev. S. M. Studdiford, D.D.:

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.

And even to your old age I am he, saith the Lord, and even to hoar hairs I will carry you: I have made and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you.

And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age.

Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.

For he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.

After he had served his own generation by the will of God he fell on sleep.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The righteous hath hope in his death.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms; he will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it.

Jesus said, I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him, he heard.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.

Now, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.

For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.

And cried with a loud voice, saying: Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God.

Saying, Amen; Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever, and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore, are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more; neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Dr. Dixon then spoke as follows:

It is both my desire and my duty to preach to morrow morning a memorial discourse. It seemed to me fitting then that the address on

this occasion should be made by some intimate friend of our beloved pastor; and this suggestion being acceptable to the family, the choice of the Rev. Dr. Hall, of New York city, was quickly made. Our Dr. Hall, and he who comes to speak to us to-day the word of instruction and comfort, have been intimate friends for more than a quarter of a century.

Dr. John Hall, of New York city, made the following address:

Let us not forget the great purpose of a service like this; it is first of all for the acknowledgment of God, of His goodness, His wisdom and His grace. It is secondly, for the comfort of those who shed the tears of natural affection because of the bereavement. And thirdly, it is for the edification of those who are gathered together here in sympathy with them in their sorrow, and in tender and loving memory of God's servant who has been taken home to his heavenly rest. These things you will keep in mind, I trust, as you listen to the few sentences that it is my duty now to speak to you; and I think you will be prepared to make some degree of allowance for the tender feeling that I cannot keep from my own mind as I think of the removal of him for whom I had so much affection and so much veneration.

Dear friends, we frequently speak of the journey of life; and the phrase is very suggestive. The journey is sometimes long. It was so in this case, extending over eighty-seven years; it is sometimes brief. There are frequently difficulties on the way; part of the road is sometimes uphill; there are frequently precipices, and there are sometimes perils; but the Christian has this advantage: he has the Lord for his

leader, and his steps are directed, one by one, by that good leader; and the end is the eternal home, and into that home God has taken His servant. The journey is completed. Let the lesson be impressed upon your heart and mine that if we want to make this journey of life happily and successfully we must take this same Leader for our Guide, even the Lord Jesus. Let us run with patience the race that is set before us; looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

Life is sometimes spoken of as a battle, and the word is justified. There are many enemies, including the world, the flesh and the devil; but thanks be to God, Christians are under a Leader; a competent leader. Christ is our leader in the battle of life. The armor of God is provided for us; we have to put it on, and to fight the good fight of faith, and the day will come when we shall say also, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." His servant had gained this victory; the fear of death had been put away; faith conquered. He was taught to rejoice in the hope of the glory of God, and when the end comes, when the battle is over, it is to take one's place in the company from which there comes up the song, "Thou has redeemed us and made us kings and priests unto God, and we shall reign forever and forever."

There is another aspect, brethren, in which life may be looked at by us; it is the period of education for the eternal world into which we are going. The lessons are sometimes hard; but the Christian has a blessed teacher. "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me." That is the Son of God speaking to us. Learn of Him, and when we come and sit at His feet we are put in the way of getting the training that we need for the life that is everlasting. When we are being educated in the world here for this life there are appropriate books

put into our hands, and there are books provided for us, dear friends, as we think of the life that is to come. There is the great volume of Providence. We study the work that God does, and we see His attributes. There is the great volume of Creation; "the heavens declare His glory, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." There is this work before me—the volume of revelation; and as we study it we see Creation and Providence in a new and clear light; and as we believe it, and take its truths to our hearts, the spirit of consecration is wrought in us by the power of the Holy Ghost, and we are prepared for the joy and for the employments of that eternal world into which God is gathering His people.

Has it ever occurred to you what a beautiful unity is given to the life here, and the life beyond it, by being in the school of the Lord Jesus Christ? A text was read to you that suggested the idea "whether we live we live unto the Lord, or whether we die we die unto the Lord. Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." Here He is training us, teaching us, educating us, sanctifying us as His children; putting into our hearts the spirit of adoption; there we shall have the inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Need I tell you, dear friends, that these are the sources of true comfort and consolation when God takes from us those to whom we look with tenderness and gratitude and affection? I know how many of you there are here that have just these feelings toward our brother, whose course on the earth has closed. It is no wonder that you do so regard him; his life from the beginning of it has been a process of happy and effective training; and it has been a blessing to many. He has served his generation by the will of God.

Born in Philadelphia, near to which his remains are to be deposited, he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania apparently at the

early age of seventeen. In the course of four or five years more he was brought to, and accepted at the bar of the State, as a lawyer; he was led, apparently by his own tastes and convictions, into diligent and earnest work in the interest of Sunday Schools. In the course of time, after some five years of work of this nature, he decided that the work of the ministry was his appropriate calling, and he was ordained and installed in this First Church; and in that First Church, notwithstanding many inducements to go elsewhere, he continued to prosecute the work that the Lord had given him. He had been doing much on the field of literature, eight or nine original volumes of his, and six or seven compiled by him are in the literature to this day of the American Sunday School Union, and eight or nine more volumes prepared by him are in the literature of the Presbyterian Board of Publication. He was a precise thinker; he was a thoroughly scholarly man; he was sound in his judgment; he was devoted to his people. If I am not mistaken in what I have read of the literature of thirty or forty years ago, there were few men in those days who did so much in a systematic and methodical manner to spread the word of the living God as did His servant whom He has taken to Himself.

What he was as a minister I do not need, dear friends, to recall to you. When that text was read, "He was full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," I thought of that which follows; which speaks of many being "added to the Lord" through him. I do not doubt that I am speaking to some here, who, as they look back on the past, will say to their own hearts: His teaching, his preaching, under God, brought me to the knowledge of Jesus, and to the acknowledgment of the truth.

It is not the purpose of this service to eulogize him. I am sure if he had been consulted upon the matter beforehand we would have been warned against any such eulogy; what I am magnifying is the grace

of God through his work. That is what he praised and honored; that is what we are permitted to recognize and to magnify, now that he sees the King in His beauty and is with the general assembly and church of the first born in Heaven.

You will not wonder that I have been permitted to come here and speak these words, not merely, I am sure, because of the identity of name, but still more because of my being the successor of the dear friend of his life for forty years—Dr. James W. Alexander—he was kind enough always to take an interest in me and in the work that God gave me to do, and for this I was thankful. May I give to you a single experience, that is essentially my own. For more than a quarter of a century I have been working in the one field in the city of New York. When I came to this land there were not a few saintly men older than myself from whom I received the utmost brotherly kindness, whom I learned to count not only friends, but more; one by one, one by one, they have been taken away, and oh! how often my mind goes up to that prospect of the communion of saints, that is opened up to us in the Bible. We shall be reunited; we shall be gathered together again. We shall be in the presence of the King. We shall be free from the troubles, sufferings and pains; there will be no separation forever.

Dear friends, there are some of you on whose heads are signs of age. There are some of you who, as you look round about you, see but few of your own generation; look upward and forward, and in the prospect of this glorious and eternal fellowship, rejoice in the prospect of being reunited in Heaven. Only one thing more shall I recall to your thoughts: the familiar figure of our beloved friend, so long associated with this city, was well known to all of you—that you will see here no more; but, dear friends, Jesus is the Resurrection and the Life; He

condescended to lie in the grave; He left in it the odor and fragrance of His holy presence; He made it a fitting resting place for the bodies of the redeemed; He will come again in His glory, and He will raise up these mortal bodies, beautified, strengthened, dignified; made like unto the angels, like unto His own glorified body, and so shall we be forever with the Lord. Let us dwell upon this; it will give us comfort; it will impart strength to us.

It was said by a venerable minister who, like him, served the Lord for a generation in the city of London, that one Sabbath evening, the services being over and the congregation dismissed, he was walking slowly out of the minister's room, down the aisle. There was a gentleman there who lingered to get a word with him, but the minister did not notice his presence; he thought himself alone, and as he slowly walked down the aisle he was heard by this friend repeating to himself these words:

"And when I am to die,
Receive me, I'll cry;
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this I do find,
We two are so joined
That He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

Every true believer is warranted in taking this consolation. My dea friends, make sure that you are in Christ; that you are living by the faith of Christ; that you are on the journey to the Heavenly home; that you are fighting the good fight of faith, sitting at Christ's feet and learning of Him, and when you are taken hence, they who love you the most will be able to say without misgivings, over your name, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. A. Gosman, of Lawrenceville, N. J., and the choir sang "Rock of Ages, cleft for Me," and then the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Walter A. Brooks, D.D.

The interment was at Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia.

Memorial Discourse.

In the First Presbyterian Church, on Sabbath morning, May 13th, the Rev. John Dixon, D.D., pastor of the church, preached a memorial discourse from the text:

Hebrews xiii, 7. Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.

God speaks to our hearts to-day in these inspired words. We have carried to his last resting place our beloved and honored dead, and we are deeply moved by the fact that we shall see his face and hear his voice no more on earth. The long ministry, the devoted service and consecrated life of Dr. Hall make us most willing to yield obedience to the divine command to "remember them who have spoken unto us the word of God."

Dr. Hall was born in Philadelphia on the eleventh of August, 1806. He was, therefore, at the time of his death eighty-seven years and nine months old. He was baptized by the Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, and admitted to the membership of the First Presbyterian Church of that city, on September 24th, 1830. He obtained his collegiate education at the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated from that institution in 1823. After studying law he was admitted to prac-

tice at the bar in Philadelphia in December, 1827. He did not long continue the practice of the law, for he heard the Divine Voice calling him to the work of the ministry. In 1832 he gave up the profession for which he had prepared himself, and in which he remained for five years, and accepted the position of Secretary of the American Sunday School Union. It was during this period that the Presbyterian church was greatly disturbed by doctrinal controversies, which culminated in the trial of Albert Barnes for heresy, and in the division of the church in 1837 into Old School and New School. After the ecclesiastical storm had somewhat subsided he made application to the Presbytery of Philadelphia in 1839 for licensure. He was never a student in a theological seminary. His academic and legal training, together with his business experience, and his connection with the Sunday School Union had furnished him with a preparation for the ministry which stood him in stead of the professional training of the seminary. He was always fond of literature, and when but twenty-three years of age he made his first attempt at authorship. He published in 1829 a translation of Milton's Latin Letters, with notes. In his position of editor of the "Sunday School Journal" and "Youths' Friend," he had frequent opportunity to wield the pen of a ready writer. He revised the first five volumes of the "Union Questions on the Bible" and prepared the seven subsequent volumes of the series. He produced nine original works and compiled six others for the "Sunday School Union," which brought him a good degree of fame.

While he was thus engaged, Dr. John W. Yeomans, who had been the pastor of this church for seven years, tendered his resignation in order to accept the Presidency of Lafayette College. Dr. Yeomans was one of the remarkable men of his day. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1860, and the three colleges of

New Jersey, Miami and Williams conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him at the same time. His desire for knowledge was very great, and he was specially fond of logic and metaphysics. He was one of the little company who met frequently in the study of Dr. Charles Hodge, in Princeton, and discussed the great questions of philosophy and the theology. The immediate predecessor of Dr. Yeomans in the pastorate of this church was Dr. James W. Alexander, the accomplished scholar, the eloquent writer and preacher, and the distinguished professor. Dr. Alexander and Dr. Hall were warm friends from boyhood, and began early in life that remarkable correspondence which lasted for forty years until the death of Dr. Alexander. The letters of Dr. Alexander were published by Dr. Hall with the title of "Familiar Letters." It was natural, therefore, that Dr. Alexander, who was at the time a professor in Princeton College, should recommend to this church the name of his friend, Mr. John Hall, of Philadelphia, as one in every way worthy of being called as pastor. A meeting of the congregation was called for Monday, May 31st, 1841, to elect a pastor, and Mr. Hall was the unanimous choice of the people. With his characteristic promptness he began work on the very next Sabbath, and thus was begun a ministry which continued for nearly fifty-three years. Being only a licentiate it was necessary that he should be ordained as well as installed. He fixed upon his birthday, August 11th, 1841, as the time for this service, and on the evening of that day, according to the record made by himself in the Session Book, "The Presbytery of New Brunswick met in Trenton and ordained John Hall, and installed him as the pastor of this church. The Rev. Eli F. Cooley was the presiding bishop. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. W. Yeomans from the words 'He gave some pastors and teachers.' The Rev. J. W. Alexander delivered the charge to the

pastor, and the Rev. Symmes C. Henry the charge to the people."

At the time of his taking charge of this church it was the only Presbyterian congregation in the city, but shortly afterwards the Second Church was started with his cordial approval and co-operation. He lived to see seven Presbyterian churches organized, and to have an active part in their establishment and up-building, with the exception of Bethany, which received his hearty good will, but the infirmities of age forbade his taking part in the organization. He was deeply interested in the Chapel, and watched with great satisfaction the progress of the work there. In his last message to us, which was read at the annual meeting in January, he spoke of the Chapel as follows: "I would drop this hint with special reference to our work in East Trenton, and would suggest the thought, whether, as many are giving their active co-operation in that work, and are doing so as punctually by their presence or substitutes as the extent of the service requires." Dr. Hall deserves the title of the Father of Trenton Presbyterianism because of the policy which he pursued from the begining of his pastorate. Instead of opposing new organizations he encouraged them and gave freely for their support both in members and money. The Church, to him, was one, and it is mainly due to his wisdom and spirit that the Presbyterian churches of this city have the warmest interest in each others welfare and prosperity. As with the churches so with the pastors of these churches. It would simply be impossible to find a body of men whose relations could be more cordial and friendly. Though such wisdom and unselfish devotion to the highest interests of the cause of Christ are not as common as they might be, yet this ancient church has been amply repaid for all her sacrifices of members and money, by the filial and reverential regard in which she is

held by these households of Presbyterianism. If Dr. Hall had done nothing more than simply shape and stamp our denominational policy with his own broad, catholic, heavenly spirit he had done enough to be held in grateful and lasting remembrance. These churches are his best monument.

After he had been pastor of the church for eighteen years he began writing the history of the Presbyterian church of Trenton. He spared neither effort nor trouble in order to set forth an accurate as well as interesting history of the Presbyterian church here. It has been so well done that it will never need to be done again. His history practically concludes with the beginning of his ministry, though a few pages are given to the other churches. After his retirement from the active work of the ministry, he was urged to prepare a second volume and bring the history down to the close of his ministry. The late Judge Caleb S. Green offered to pay the entire expense involved, but Dr. Hall felt himself to be in such uncertain health that he decided not to attempt it. The coming years will only deepen our regret that it must forever remain undone by him.

In 1850 the College of New Jersey conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1852–3 he delivered a course of lectures in the Theological Seminary at Princeton upon "Pastoral Theology." This chair had been filled by the illustrious Dr. Archibal Alexander. Dr. Hall was called upon to temporarily fill the vacancy caused by Dr. Alexander's death, and did it so acceptably that the General Assembly that year elected him Professor of Pastoral Theology and Sacred Rhetoric in the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny City. This appointment Dr. Hall declined, preferring to remain with this congregation. In 1868 he was chosen a Trustee of the Theological

Seminary at Princeton, and continued to serve in that capacity until 1883, when he resigned his position on account of ill health.

The years passed away in busy, delightful, and faithful service for the Master. In 1881 the congregation celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his coming among them. He was then seventy-five years of age, and not his years alone, but ailments of long standing soon compelled him to be frequently absent from the pulpit. The Reverend Richard A. Greene was chosen as his assistant, but it became increasingly evident to Dr. Hall that he must urge and insist upon the acceptance of his resignation. It was a sad and sorrowful duty on the part the congregation to accept it, but this they did not do until every resource was exhausted which could, by any possibility, postpone the day. On May 4th, 1884, his resignation was accepted, and the pastoral relation was dissolved. It was dissolved only in form. The congregation testified to their love and veneration for him by making him Pastor Emeritus, and providing for the continuance of his support so long as he should live. This action and provision of the congregation reflected great credit upon them. It was a noble act, worthy alike of him who had so long and so faithfully served them, and of the congregation who thereby proved the gracious improvement they had made of his teaching. Dr. Hall appreciated fully this evidence of the love and loyalty of his people, and in his last letter to the congregation says: "It is a subject of sincere gratitude, as well as of some surprise, that, notwithstanding my being so much out of sight and the changes of personality in the congregation, the generous allowance of income since my retirement is undiminished."

After the choice of your present pastor, Dr. Hall was accustomed to attend divine service with us, as frequently as the state of his health permitted. He always took part in the service when present, and fre-

quently preached. The last time he preached was on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary. It was on the thirty-first day of May, 1891, a most beautiful Sabbath. Dr. Hall was not strong enough to stand while preaching, and so read his discourse sitting. His voice was clear, and the entire freedom from unusual weakness, coupled with the fact that his mind was as strong and bright as it had ever been, gave to the congregation great satisfaction. The rarity of such an occasion and the extent and character of his services to this church and community, would have fully warranted his preparing a discourse which would have set forth what had been done during the long period of fifty years. Though perhaps somewhat disappointed, we were not surprised when he told us that his discourse would be in no sense a review, and least of all a self glorification, but that as always, so then, it would be concerning truth and duty. The next evening a reception was tendered him in the church, when Judge Edward T. Green, on behalf of the congregation, assured him of our love and high regard and gave him a purse of gold as a token of affection. His reply was simple and short, expressing his gratitude for the kindness, and his desire for the temporal and spiritual prosperity of the entire church. The last time he attended divine service was on July 5th, 1891.

The burden of years pressed heavily upon him, and the progress of disease gradually sapped his strength. In his diary under date of March 13th, 1894, we find this entry: "About these times I am suffering greatly from general debility, loss of appetite, insomnia, nervous prostration, pains in legs and knees; but no severe or continuous pain. My weakness is shown in easy crying, indisposition to leave the house, loss of breath in exercise, and depression. But let me be more thankful than complaining. My comforts are many, and my spiritual hopes more sanguine than usual. I cannot pray for life or death, but in the

extremity of my dejection, feel that departure has no terror, but would be a happy release."

On Saturday last, having spent part of the day in his study, he returned to his room and his bed, quietly, and almost painlessly to breathe his life away. He laid as in a sleep, but in full possession of his faculties, until about midnight of Wednesday. At 2 o'clock on Thursday morning his spirit was released from the tabernacle of clay, which it had so long tenanted, and he was with Jesus. Absent from the body, he is present with the Lord. What a glorious company of sainted ones have greeted him on the further shore. Our loss is their gain, and his also.

Thus has ended on earth a pastorate of fifty-three years of distinction, success, uninterrupted prosperty and unalloyed peace. Through changes, civil and ecclesiastical, he carried himself so as to command the respect and secure the regard of all. Thus has ended a life of nearly eighty-eight years, blameless, unspotted, and without serious criticism or censure. No man could justly speak ill of him. Of splendid physique, dignified bearing, courteous, affectionate and conscientious, he was the soul of honor. Neither in the freedom of private intercourse, nor in any public place, did he for a moment forget that, as a minister of Jesus Christ, he should walk worthy of his high vocation. Always genial, and even when worn and weary with years and pain, he would frequently flash out some bright saying, some witty remark, that told his friends his heart was as warm and his mind as acute as ever. As a preacher, he took a high rank. One of his last sermons, in which he described Mary Magdalene coming to the Lord, that the demons might be cast out, was one of the most vivid and impressive pieces of word painting I ever heard. He preached the Word. The Bible to him was God's

Word. He read it, he believed it, and he preached it, as the very truth of God. His prayers were certainly the most remarkable of any minister within our knowledge. The contrasts were striking. Deepest reverence and unrestrained freedom ever characterized them. They were absolutely free from stereotyped phrases. He never forgot anything. Things utterly ignored by other ministers were remembered by him, and when he prayed regarding them, they seemed well worth remembering. Frequently he would carry us into the very presence of God, and our hearts would be melted and tears would overflow as he told God of our inmost need.

In the conduct of God's house, he hated sham and sensationalism. The sin of sins to him would seem to be the saying or doing anything irreverent in God's house. He wanted no decorations or flowers in the church, being almost more Puritan than the Puritans in this respect. As he strikingly put it, to make so much ado about flowers in the church, was to turn Christ into a gardener. He resisted to the close of his ministry the increasing tendency to observe special days. He was always prompt in beginning the service. Many of you will recall that the old bell—which has so long been silent, but awakened from its sleep to toll out its sad and tender farewell to its master, whom it had so long served—that the bell would scarcely have tapped the third time when he would begin the service. Tardiness was to him an inexcusable sin. He delighted to come early to the church, for, as he was accustomed to say, he knew of no better prayer meeting than spending fifteen minutes in silent communion with God before the service began. As a pastor, he was diligent, kind, sympathetic and judicious. He loved you with a fatherly affection. He took delight in knowing all about you, and was interested in everything that affected you. Especially in the families

that had lived for a considerable time in the community, his interest was shown by knowing the different branches of the family. He kept track of the children, and of marriages and all important domestic events. When any of the congregation wandered from the right path it was a personal humiliation, as well as a grief, to him. The sick and suffering were his unwearying care, and frequently have I been told of his tender faithfulness during prolonged periods of sickness and affliction. To the poor he was especially drawn. His purse was ever open for their relief, and by word and deed he was ever ready to serve them. In his charge to the congregation at the time of my installation he especially enjoined you to see to it that the poor should not be neglected. And I bear witness that you have been obedient to that duty. He took a warm interest in the good work and progress of the other denominations in the city. Not infrequently I am greeted with the remark by Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians, "My parents used to go to Dr. Hall's church," or "I used to attend Dr. Hall's Sunday School," and kindly and warmly would they express their regard for him. His freedom from all uncharitableness, his love of good men, his readiness to see and desire to commend everything that was worthy, his supreme devotion to the cause of philanthropy and religion, his love and loyalty to his Lord, made him a man to be reverenced, loved and admired. He is gone. It is hard to realize it. The good gray head will be seen at the study window, and on the street, and in the church no more. As for many of us, we will not seem to be quite ourselves without him.

The Lord tells us in our text to "remember him who spake unto us the word of God." The members of that family circle, where children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren delighted to gather, will remember and never forget him. What sweet and pure and bound-

less affection, what happy and unrestrained freedom, what deep and deepening desire for spiritual good and temporal prosperity, and unalloyed happiness were theirs. The weekly home-coming, the Thanksgiving memories—these centered in and around him. Now that his presence and voice, which were ever a benediction, are to be seen and heard no more, our hearts go out to them to-day in grief and sympathy, for seldom have children had such a father. See to it, beloved friends, that, trusting in the atoning merits of the Divine Redeemer, you take his Saviour to be your Saviour, and follow him even as he followed Jesus. A happy household on earth become, in God's good time, and through promised grace, a reunited, a redeemed and sanctified household in Heaven.

As a church, we will remember him. His faithful preaching of the word of God, his devoted and consecrated life, his unwavering devotion to his Lord and Master will abide with us, a most precious heritage; will ever be to us a beautiful memory. Far distant, yea, may the day never come, when this ancient church—this church which has been ministered to by such illustrious men of God as Cowell and Armstrong and Alexander and Hall—turn away from the faith which they preached and the gospel they proclaimed. As men of learning, courage and faith, they preached what they believed, and they believed what they preached. The truth of God is as unchangeable and eternal as its Author. No progress of thought, no advance of civilization, no change of circumstance or scene can bring us a different or better gospel. In that faith our beloved pastor lived and died. So let us live, and when we come to die, in that faith let us go hence.

If not with quite so much earnestness, yet with no little emphasis would I plead that our church might retain its simplicity of worship. Some may have fancied that perchance the gospel would have addi-

tional attractiveness and power if our simple form of worship and our old-fashioned Puritan meeting house might be changed to suit a modern and advancing taste. In the sacredness and solemnity of this holy hour, as we from this house carried, yesterday, to his last resting place our beloved, our honored dead, let us promise each other that we shall not depart from the faith which he preached.

Those of you who have been brought under the influence of his life and preaching to accept Jesus Christ, and to confess Him here as your Saviour, your Lord and Master, surely you will remember him. No other minister can be to you what Dr. Hall was. As Paul said to the Corinthians christians: "For though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers, for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel" (I Cor. iv, 15), so could he say to many of you. He preached to you pure doctrine; he urged you to a full and hearty consecration; he held up before you a lofty standard; he practiced what he preached. You will bear willing testimony to the fact that as a servant of Jesus Christ he was faithful. Some of you have received ordination to the office of elder or deacon through him. Most of you have received from his hands the broken body and shed blood of the Lord. Will you not one and all remember him? Though he will never again minister to you on earth, yet in heaven I doubt not he bears you on his heart and prays for you at the throne of grace. Your wanderings from duty and the path of holiness will grieve his purified spirit; and on the other hand as he may come to know of your progress heavenward in holy life, in gentle deeds, in faithfulness to duty, and in likeness to the Lord will he not rejoice with a sweeter joy and praise God with a gladder heart?

There are others who have sat under Dr. Hall's ministry for many years and yet have not accepted Christ. Oh! my friends, how will you

remember him? Will you still continue to forget, neglect or postpone that acceptance of Christ which he so affectionately and earnestly urged upon you? His lips are closed in death, but from yonder heaven he pleads, he waits. Surely your hearts are tender to-day, and conscience is bearing witness against you and for him. Memory recalls that venerable form; his voice, perchance his words, or at least the impression made on you when he urged you to be reconciled to God. Never will it be more vivid than to-day; never will the heart be more tender or the will more yielding. Fellow sinner, by the love of Jesus, by the memory of that sainted man of God, by all that is good and pure and noble, I plead with you that this very hour you say "Lord Jesus save me!" Make his first Sabbath in heaven doubly happy by the fact of your salvation.

There is one other who has abundant cause to remember the good man whom we loved to call "pastor." Permit *me* to bring my tribute of praise and gratitude and lay it humbly at his feet. Ten years ago you honored me with a call to the pastorate of this church. I need not tell you how I came with fear and trembling. I did not know how you would bear with the manner of my preaching and the way I should conduct the service of God's house, but that which gave me even greater anxiety was, what would be the relation, personal and ministerial, between Dr. Hall and myself. He was then seventy-seven years of age, an old man. Old men, especially as they grow older, are not apt to be tolerant of the ignorance and inexperience of young men, and to bear quietly with the mistakes and blunders that a stranger is almost certain to make. An old man is apt to think that the former times were better than these, that things were not going as well as they used to. I was sure I would give too frequent occasion for his rebuke, or certainly his regret. What has been the record of

these years? With a heart overflowing with gratitude to Dr. Hall, I say here and most publicly that from the very first hour I came to Trenton I have received only words of cheer, and encouragement and commendation from him and every member of his family. Never by omission or commission has he failed to say and do all that even a father could say and do for an only son. How beautiful this has been to me words would fail to tell. His death brings to me an unutterable loneliness, but as long as reason abides and memory lasts I will praise God for that kind providence which brought me into such intimate relation to one of the purest and noblest men it has ever been my privilege to know.

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done.
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

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